

Vraja, the transcendental land of insurmountably great conquests of love between the Divine Couple, is the abode of such sweet melodious sounds, smells, tastes and feelings. Everyday the inhabitants of such a bliss drenched battlefield repose in bounteous slumber in a dwelling of heavenly respite. With great care and attention Sri Nandadulal receives the blessings of his sweet ones, the maidens of that fated fatalistic lovelorn debauchee Krsna.

In the arms of the beloved Srimati Radhika, resplendent in her Sari and Choli and wearing garments; smiles sweetly as her torrid mind ever disturbed by nimble, nubile thoughts of storming the citadel of her lover's lips - reposes deep in the ambient atmosphere of *sandrananda-viseshatma* treacle thick bliss pervading every inch of the body.

Pure quintessence of light shatters through the canopy overhead, as the rays of evening, begin to envelope the eyes of the denizens of delight. Old *tamala* trees bear creepers and vines that cascade down into the forest bowers of Vrndavana forest. In the dazzling light of sunshine however there, is a convection of cool currents. Shimmering in the favourable breezes of that half-light, half insane tableau of beauty; so beguiling as to beggar the mind, Ramaraman Kishori Krsna, with his *syama* hued skintone, his eye-catching eyes, cherry-kissing lips and dark black, soft black hair, bends to the floor in a graceful way and reaches for his *vamshi* flute.

Delecededly disamouring her joyous laughter Syamasundar leans back and purses his pose to fill the air with seriously potent tones of fair weather music from that champion of pastimes, yet to the ears of the Vansakhis this is simply anathema, their faces screw up into contorted bizarre expressions, the wind sends sonorous chills up their spines and they reach out to their Queen Gunachuda-Rasabihari Nandini. Dancing *man-mandira* madness in the fire of her eyes, Srimati Radhika the true ruler of the phantasmagorical fantasy-land Braja-Gokhula Vrndavana, shoes them away with a whisk of her hair. Krsna's weakness exposed He stops playing and turns to his cowherd attendants Subala, Shukshma and Sanandana. They radically realise it is time to leave and raise from sitting. The air is electric, the night young and in one fell motion the whole party - Lalita, Vishaka and the Manjari maidservants, Krsna, Balarama, Subala Shukshma and Sanandana exhuent the groves of Goverdana and briskly shuffle off away from that other girl. Thinking themselves very lowly and humble they retire to the Sankeat Kunja.

There they envelope themselves in the amorous simplitude of Rasaraj Sri Krsna and Srimati Radharani reclining on a flower mattress, prepared earlier by the chief Manjari maidservants - Rupa manjari and Rati-manjari. Striking a match the heavenly sweet sound of Lalita's ankle bells sound sweetly as she stoops to light the dhoop, Chaya-manjari holds a silver platter with assortments of grenadine fruits, amalaki, raspberries and pomegranites. The occlusion of light dappled through the trees, favors a *shanta-rasa* inducing calm. The blue-green smoke from the agarbatti rises slowly, the true look in the nearby deers eyes bestows, prema.

By his side Radhika resembles an earthen image in the golden light of the grove of love. Thinking herself as a forlorn and beaten maiden she rests her

head on the chest of her lover and feels better, her diatribe over, the thrift of Cupids menagerie long since departed. In perfect isolation *nikunja-me* the bower itself quivers the appeal of those glimmering guests of marvellous alacrity and bounteous revelry.